

Frigid Digits...

Women Want Wool When Winter Comes

Practical Christmas presents are the thing in this war-time world. Gone are the days when \$30-an-ounce perfume was the most desired gift in these fuel-rationed times, gifts to keep icicles out of the blood stream, are best bets all around.

Coeds really go for lacy wool "fascinator" scarves—perfect for preserving that curly permanent at foggy 8 o'clocks, with the addition of a few glittery paillettes, they're the finishing touch for an evening ensemble.

Cosy Toes

Ah, yes, and what about knitted bed socks for Miss Oregon, 1943? There are any number of varieties of styles and colors, but they all add up to one essential—haven from icy sleeping porches.

Woolly robes are always good for presents. For the tall girls who lose out on these material-conserving fashions, there's the new knee-length robes. Made in wide-wale corduroy or wool, they're nothing but smooth... Crocheted vests which come in any one of a number of gay colors look well over anything from a suit to a plain black tailored dress... Striped scarfs in loud colors are another warmth sustainer. Thrown over the shoulders in lieu of another sweater or jacket, they'll add a Latin touch to any outfit.

And then there are always the inevitable mittens—knitted, crocheted, or made from suede, fur, terry-cloth, corduroy—well, this could go on indefinitely.

The beauty of all these gifts is that, not only are they pretty and practical, but any one of them—or all, if you have time—may be whipped up by an amateur knitter at a minimum of cost.

Lassitude

I have no mind.

I have no will.

Well, dear,

Have a vitamin pill.

—B.A.S.

WOMEN'S PAGE STAFF

Co-Editors

Betty Ann Stevens

Carol Greening

Staff

Gloria Cartozian

Marty Beard

Bobbi Bealer

Penny Nichols

Marty B. Says...

We don't like this damn-damn-damn typewriter because all it gives out with is a mess of numbers and signs, and they don't like numbers and signs on the woman's page; and it clickity-clacks; and besides we're cluttering up a simply clean, white sheet of paper, and we don't like black on white.

Pardon our verbosity, but Christmas shopping has got us down.

We resolved to start our shopping early, so the day after last Christmas, we tacked up a startling sign painted in red and green, warning "Only three hundred and six-four shopping days till Christmas." We began to get worried.

At Home

The days passed by, and the sign stayed up, and were we surprised when we noticed that it was only two weeks till Christmas! We rushed down to the printing shop and had three dozen cards engraved: "Yours truly receiving—(presents)—between the hours of 3 and 5 on December 25."

Then we began our shopping in earnest... we mean in the stores. We looked at a beautiful chin-chilla coat for our mother. We put the magazine down and walked over to the counter to buy her a powder puff.

Money, Money

For dad we bought a roomy billfold, a check book, and an easy-flowing pen. With the pack-

age we enclosed a note: "If this isn't enough of a hint we'll sell magazines."

Our roommate was the next problem. We leafed through the 1942 Emerald Christmas edition for ideas on the subject. We got none. We bought her a package of cigarettes because we smoke.

And all this time we were being jostled and jabbed, hustled and heckled, and trod on.

... And we have to be nice to our friends for two more weeks. We believe in those famous last words, "Shop early and avoid the rush," and also in their translation, "Shop early and avoid the brush-off."

... So we're a wreck from this strenuous shopping, and that's why the typewriter gives out with only numbers and signs... 45%*&"3 1/4 /,7*... ahem, sez the editor, maybe it's just as well... 56784389* ("&b"@% 1/4.

—By Marty Beard

What to Give The Home Man

Gifts for the men overseas have already been signed, sealed and are almost ready for delivery. But how about the man at home? Whether he's in the service or not, a muffler of pure wool will make him forget about frigid nights.

A hand-tooled leather billfold with his name to personalize it, will make it strictly his own. Also in the line of leather are writing sets made of saddle leather. They are just small enough to fit in the most compact space but still contain necessary paper, envelopes, miniature blotter, and a file for names and addresses.

Needles and Pins

Believe it or not, the fellows you thought would never sew in

(Please turn to page fourteen)

Dear Santa

I've been pretty good this past year. I'm unfailingly polite toward my professors. I remember them often with bright red apples. And my conversation with them consists entirely of no-sirs and yes-sirs.

Moreover, I help elderly ladies across the street. I never put chewing gum where people might step thereon. I pick up waste paper which fails to hit the basket. Indeed, if one didn't care what one said, one might call me a veritable paragon.

At any rate, I am pretty good (except in arithmetic). And now it is almost Christmas. Get the connection, Nick?

Truly my wants are simple. No examinations. A four-point. And for me and my roommate, train reservations.

I'd appreciate it, too, if you'd arrange for snow. This rainy fog is dreary, and I'm soggy from its trickles. Thanks, Santa Claus, that's all I ask.

Yours truly,

Penny Nichols.

P.S.—If I am not too brash—I'd love to have some extra cash.



THE WAY TO A WOMAN'S HEART

Send her the loveliest of all gifts on these festive holidays—Flowers from

Chase Gardens

58 E. Broadway

Phone 4240

The Miss Portland Shop



featuring perfect
coats, suits, dresses
in sizes 9 to 15